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Book I

Fables and Rhymes

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY  
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**Lakeside Literature Series**

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**BOOK I**  
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# FABLES AND RHYMES

**ÆSOP AND MOTHER GOOSE**

**EDITED BY**

**WILLIAM ADAMS**



**NEW-YORK ❖ CINCINNATI ❖ CHICAGO**  
**AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY**

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Fables & Rhymes.

E-P 1

## PREFACE.

The nineteenth century has been a period of wonderful changes. Discoveries and inventions of vast importance have followed each other in rapid succession. Many things which a few years ago were enjoyed exclusively by the rich, are to-day common among the poor; but from none of the improved conditions of life is it possible for us to secure greater benefit than from the present accessibility of good books.

In the fields of literature, once reserved for only a favored few, all men to-day meet on nearly the same plane and may share, at least in part, its treasures.

Next to the alphabet, the invention of greatest value is that of printing. Certainly a large part of what is called an education—even the knowledge of facts, which is often mistaken for real education—is gained directly from books.

In educating our children, it is then of the first importance to teach them to read, and with the opportunities for obtaining the best in literature constantly increasing we look to the primary school, to which is entrusted the entire education of so large a percentage of all of our children, to teach them not only to read, but to read easily, so that they will like to read, and thus form a habit of reading. The wise teacher will not be led astray by the example of a few superficial teachers, who, through a desire to find a short cut to culture, are gaining the semblance rather than the substance by at once plunging the young pupil, without previous preparation, into the midst of literature. She will content herself for a time with teaching her pupils the art of reading, with giving them the ability to find out what the printed word says, and encouraging them to discover for themselves the thought concealed therein. If she succeeds in accomplishing this, she has at least placed in the pupil's hands a key to the storehouse of knowledge.

But while learning to read is the first and most important step in the direction of an education, and while the habit of reading is perhaps singly the best educational habit, a taste for good reading is certainly an acquisition the value of which can hardly be over estimated. There is no one thing which to the same



extent will develop character and lead to as broad culture as will the reading of the best literature. A taste for such reading, however, usually comes to the individual not as a gift of nature, but through a process of cultivation. In view of this fact, a course of reading should be instituted for the definite purpose of cultivating the literary taste of the pupil, and as soon as he is prepared for such reading, he should be given something which possesses genuine literary merit.

The necessity of cultivating the moral sentiment is recognized. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of such culture. The importance of the proper development of the imagination, however, is not so well understood. Dugald Stewart says: "The imagination prevents us from ever being satisfied with our present condition or with our past attainments and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment or of some ideal excellence. . . . Hence the zeal of the patriot and philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes." But while, as he says, the imagination is the principal source of human improvement, yet, of all the intellectual faculties, it is the one which receives least attention in our educational systems. We believe that apart from the drill work which is necessary to teach the child to read, his first reading should consist mainly of what will cultivate his ear for the music of verse and will stimulate his imagination.

For these purposes, the forms of literature which are best adapted to young children are the Classic Rhymes and the Fables. The former have been sung from generation to generation, and their virtue approved by long consent. A recent writer says: "Many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child, in repeating them, is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form." They may, then, well be used as an introduction to poetry.

The value of the Fables is apparent. In them are embodied the teachings of long experience, and in each is a plain moral,—a virtue to be acquired, or a fault to be avoided. The Fable aims at the representation of human motive, and the improvement of human conduct; yet it is not didactic, and so conceals its design under the disguise of fictitious characters that the

reader receives advice without perceiving the presence of the adviser. It is interesting alike to boys and girls, and as it generally introduces some animal which is personified and made to speak, it appeals strongly to the imagination. Its structure also especially adapts it to the use of children. An authority says: "It is the most perfect literary instrument of association between the young and the old, and becomes therefore by right the first possession of the child in literature."

In preparing this book, our aim has been to select the Fables which are of the greatest interest and contain the best morals; then to observe the exact lines of the original story and to tell it in language which a child can understand. In a recent book for second and third grade children, the author says: "The child's first reading should be made attractive by its ease and entertainment." In the selections which follow, frequently occur paragraphs of a page in length and sentences of more than 60 words—sentences which, to read aloud, require a sustained effort on the part of an adult, and even in silent reading an eye practiced in scanning long and involved sentences. Again in many versions of the Fables prepared for school use, in the effort to adapt them for the child, not only is the entire flavor of the Fable lost, but even its plan and purpose are sacrificed. In such books it seems to us that the Fable is brought to the exact level of the stories of the ordinary School Reader. "A composition is not a classic because of the theme considered, but because of the garb in which it is presented."

We trust that this version of the Fables will not descend to silliness on the one hand nor rise far above the average comprehension of childhood on the other.

The value of the pictures will be appreciated by all teachers. With the exception of those copied from masterpieces, they were prepared especially for this book. The pictures not alone illumine the story and make it more real, but they can also be utilized in obtaining original expressions from the pupil and will serve as material for language lessons.

Many of the Rhymes should be committed to memory, and few exercises will prove of greater value in developing the pupil's power of thought and expression than that of telling the Fables in his own language.

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**AN OLD MONARCH.**



### THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town.

The Town Mouse was asked one day to dine with the Field Mouse.

Out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

The Town Mouse looked at this plain fare with scorn, and said:

“Do you know, my friend,

that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have stores of good things to eat at home. Come to town and dine with me, and see what I have to give you."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his meal and dates, his cheese and cakes, and many sweets.

As the Field Mouse ate, he thought how rich his friend was and how poor he was.

But while they were feasting, a man came into the room, and

the mice were in such fear that they ran into a crack.

By and by, when the man had gone, they crept out again.



Just then a cat came in.

“Run for your life!” cried the Town Mouse.

Away flew the mice, and



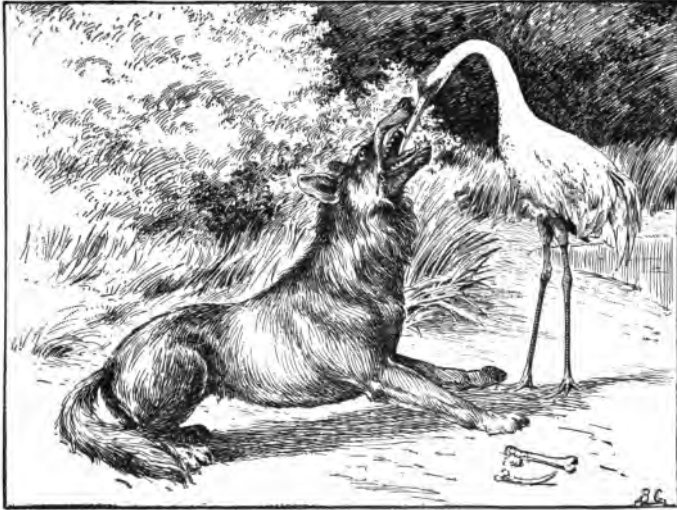
reached a hole just in time to save their lives.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse :

“Please yourself, my good friend; eat all you want. You are rich, but you are in a fright the whole time. I am poor, I know. I have nothing to eat but wheat and corn; but I will live on those, in no fear of any one.”



*When the cat is away  
The mice will play.*



### THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf, one day, while eating,  
got a sharp bone in his throat.

He choked and coughed, but,  
try as he might, he could not  
get it out. Just then he saw  
a Crane passing by, and asked  
her to help him.

"If you will put your head into my mouth and draw out the bone," said he, "I will pay you well for it."

"I will try," said the Crane, and, with her long bill, she soon drew the bone out of his throat, and threw it on the ground.

This done, she asked for her pay.

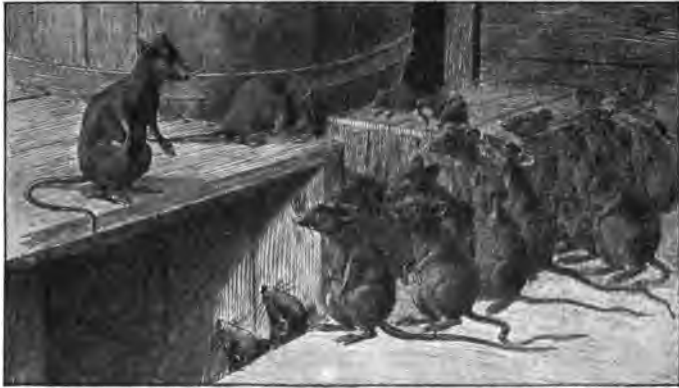
"Pay you, indeed!" cried the Wolf. "You have had your head in the jaws of a Wolf! With one bite I could have killed you! I spared your life. What more could you ask?"

## LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
When she awoke, she found it a joke,  
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,  
With mind made up to find them;  
She found them, indeed, but it made her  
heart bleed,  
For they'd left their tails behind them.



### THE MICE, THE CAT AND THE BELL.

There was a sly Cat in a house, and the Mice lived in great fear of her.

One night they held a meeting to find some way by which they might guard against being caught by her.

A big Mouse stood up on a box and said:

"Friends, we meet to-night to talk about the Cat. Many of our friends have been caught by her sharp claws. She is our great foe. Her step is so soft that we cannot hear it. What can we do? Has any one a plan?"

"If you will be ruled by me," said one of the Mice, "there is nothing like hanging a Bell to the Cat's neck to tell us when she is near."

They all thought this a bright plan.

"Well," said an old Mouse,

“we are all agreed that we have a good plan; now, who shall hang the Bell to the Cat’s neck?”

But no one had anything more to say.



THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

The North Wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor robin do then?  
Poor thing!

He’ll sit in a barn,  
And keep himself warm,  
And hide his head under his wing.  
Poor thing!

THE TWO FRIENDS AND  
THE BEAR.

Two Friends were walking along a road, when a bear rushed out from a wood near by.

One of them, to save himself, climbed up a tree.

His Friend, finding he could not reach the tree in time,





fell flat upon the ground. When the Bear came up and poked him with his nose, he feigned death.

The Bear soon left him, for, it is said, a bear will not touch a dead man.

“What did the Bear say to you when he had his nose so close to your ear?” asked the man in the tree, as he climbed down.

“I will tell you,” said his Friend. “He told me not to trust a man who leaves a friend in time of need.”

---

**THE COCK AND THE PEARL.**

One day a Cock was searching in the barnyard for food for himself and his hens.

“If I could find a grain or two of corn, how glad I should be,” said he.

Just then he saw something shining in the straw. It was a Pearl that by chance had been lost in the yard.

“No doubt you are of much worth to some one,” said the Cock, “but, as for me, I care more for one grain of corn than for a whole peck of Pearls.”

**THE DOG AND THE STREAM.**

One day a Dog was taking  
home a piece of meat.

On his way, he had to cross



a stream, which was smooth and  
clear.

Looking down, he saw in the  
stream what he thought was a

dog with a piece of meat in his mouth.

He made up his mind to have that piece, too.

"It is twice as large as mine," thought he.

But when he tried to snatch the meat from the strange dog, his own piece fell out of his mouth and sank in the stream.



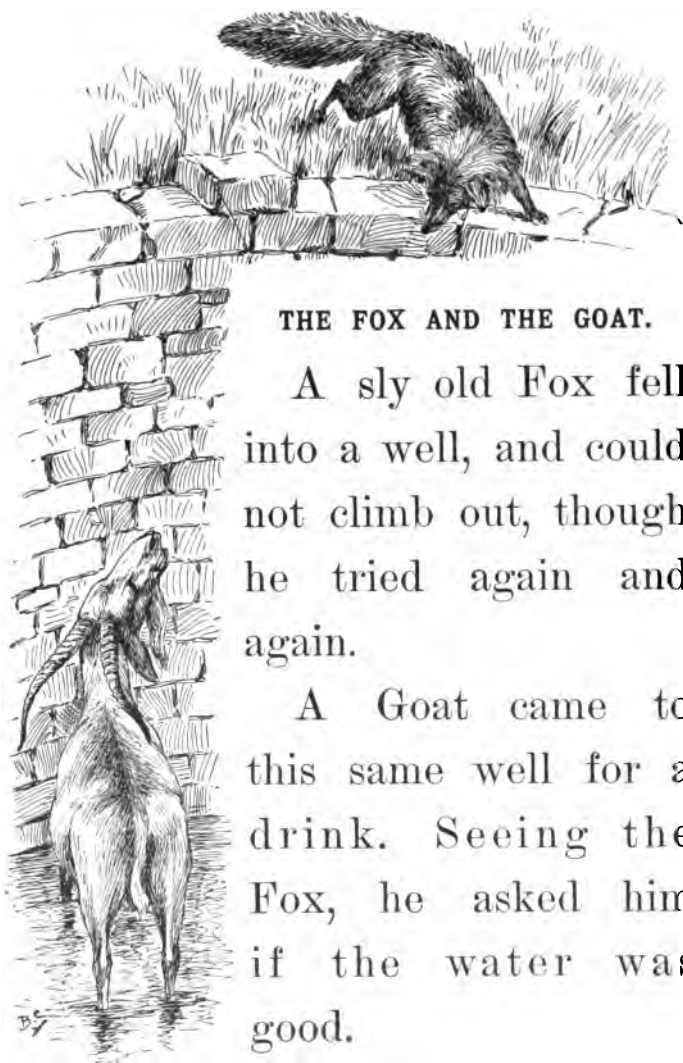
IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE.

If all the world were apple-pie,

And all the sea were ink,

And all the trees were bread and cheese,

What should we have to drink?



### THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A sly old Fox fell into a well, and could not climb out, though he tried again and again.

A Goat came to this same well for a drink. Seeing the Fox, he asked him if the water was good.

“Good?” said the Fox; “it is the best water in the world. Come down, my friend, and try it.”

The Goat, without waiting to think, jumped into the well.

As he was quenching his thirst, the Fox said: “Pray drink all you want.”

And, as he spoke, he leaped upon the Goat’s back, then to the curb of the well, and out upon the ground.

The Goat, finding that he could not get out, begged the Fox to help him.

But the Fox laughed, as he said :

“What a foolish old Goat you are! If you had as many brains in your head as you have hairs in your beard, you would not have jumped down there until you had first seen a way to get out.”



LADY MOON.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you  
roaming?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you  
loving?

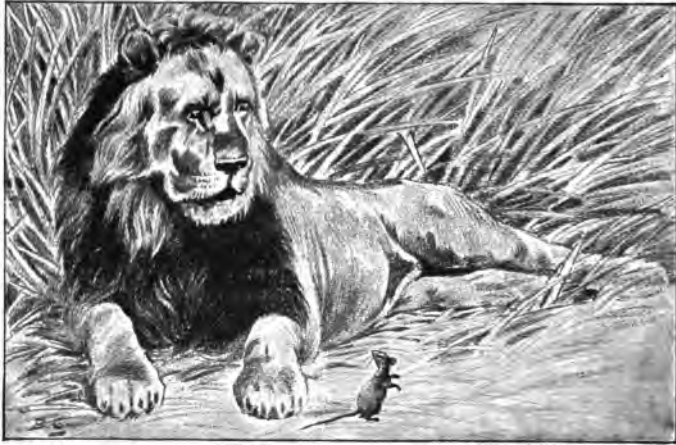
All that love me.

## LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree ;  
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;  
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin  
ran ;  
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me  
if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a  
wall ;  
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost  
got a fall ;  
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what  
did Pussy say ?  
Pussy-cat said "Mew !" and Robin flew  
away.





### THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

A Mouse, by chance, ran across the face of a Lion as he lay asleep in the woods.

The Lion awoke and was about to eat him, but the Mouse begged hard to be let go, saying, "If you will spare my life, I shall not forget it."

“You amuse me,” said the Lion. “What could a little Mouse like you do for a great Lion like me?”

“Let me go,” said the Mouse, “and some day you may be sure I will do you a good turn.”

At this the Lion laughed, and let the Mouse go.

It was not long until the Lion was caught by some men, and bound fast with strong ropes.

The Mouse heard him roar and came to his aid.

With his sharp teeth, he gnawed the ropes until they broke, and the Lion was free.

“You laughed at me once,” said the Mouse, “but now you know that a mere Mouse may sometimes help a Lion.”



*Rock-a-bye Baby.*

---

*Rock-a-bye baby,  
On the tree-top!  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby,  
Cradle, and all.*



### THE FROG AND THE OX.

An Ox, while drinking at a pool, chanced to set his foot among some young Frogs, and crushed one of them to death.

When the old Frog came home, she missed her son.

"Where is my child?" she asked.

"Alas!" said the young Frogs, "he is dead. A great beast,

with horns, came to the pool, and crushed him with his huge foot."

"How big was the beast?" asked the old Frog. "Was he as big as this?" and she puffed out her sides.

"Oh, he was many times as big as that," said the young Frogs. "You were not meant to be as big as he."

"Was he as big as this?" asked the old Frog, and she swelled herself out yet more.

"Yes, indeed!" said they, "and if you were to burst yourself,

you could not reach half his size."

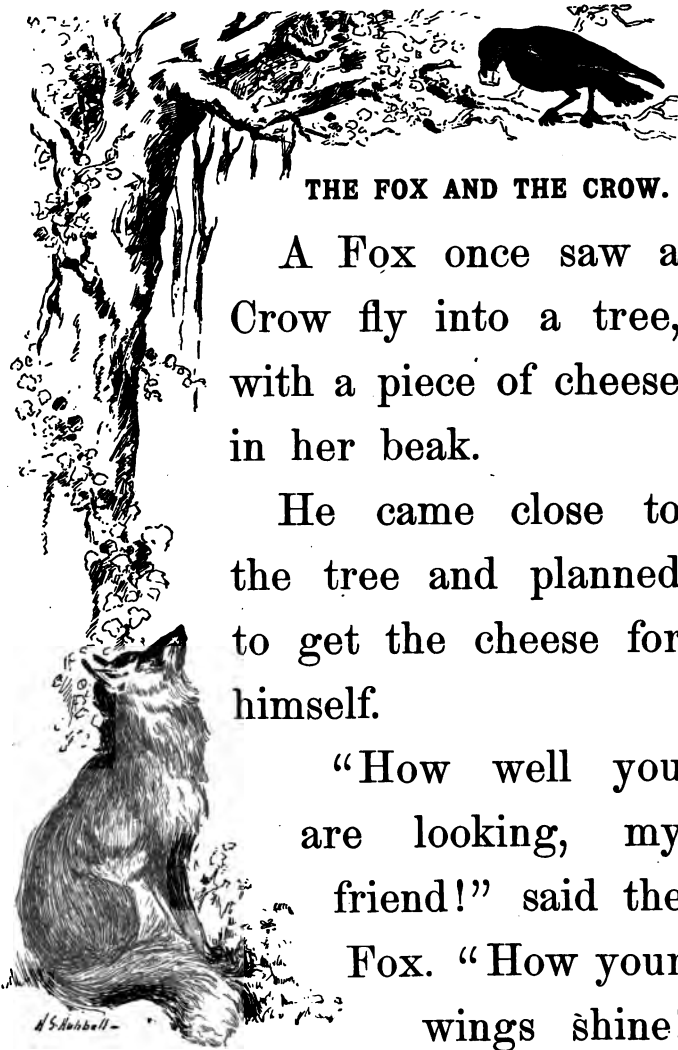
But the old Frog was vain.  
She tried once more and burst  
herself indeed.



TOM, HE WAS A PIPER'S SON.

Tom, he was a piper's son ;  
He learnt to play when he was young,  
But all the tune that he could play,  
Was "Over the hills and far away."

But Tom with his pipe made such a noise,  
That he pleased both the girls and boys ;  
And they stopped to hear him play,  
"Over the hills and far away."



### THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Fox once saw a Crow fly into a tree, with a piece of cheese in her beak.

He came close to the tree and planned to get the cheese for himself.


“How well you are looking, my friend!” said the Fox. “How your wings shine!

What bright eyes you have!  
I am sure your voice is as  
pleasing as your looks. Let me  
hear but one song from you,  
that I may greet you as  
Queen of the Birds."

The Crow, much puffed up  
by this praise, raised her head.

"Caw! caw!" cried she, and  
of course the cheese fell from  
her beak.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Fox,  
as he snapped up the cheese.  
"You sing very well. It is a  
pity you are so lacking in  
sense!"





**THE MAN AND THE STORK.**

A man who had just sown some wheat in his field, spread nets on the ground.

“Now,” thought he, “I shall trap any birds who may try to take my seed.”

He caught some Cranes, and with them, one day, a Stork.

The Cranes knew they must die, and took their fate as part of the lot of a thief; but the Stork pleaded hard for his life.

“Do not kill me!” he cried, “for I am no Crane. I am a poor, harmless Stork. Cranes

are thieves, I know, but Storks are the best of birds. Pray let me go."

The Man laughed as he said:  
"All this may be true, still I know but one thing about you. I have caught you with thieves, and with thieves you must die."



#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in  
the corn.

What! is this the way you mind your  
sheep,

Under the hay-cock, fast asleep?



### THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the house that Jack built.

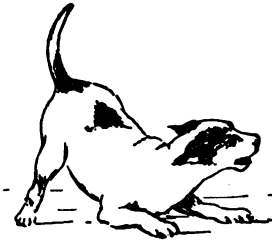


This is the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

This is the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

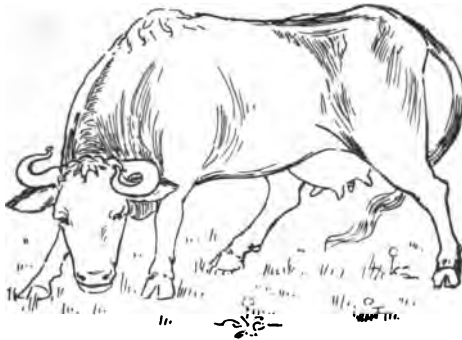


This is the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,



That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden, all  
forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man, all tat-  
tered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden, all  
forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest, all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man, all tattered and  
torn,



That kissed the maiden,  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest, all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man, all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden,  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,



That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer, sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in the  
morn,  
That waked the priest, all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man, all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden,  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



**THE DOGS AND THE LION'S SKIN.**

Some Dogs once found the skin of a Lion, and began to tear it into shreds with their teeth.

A Fox, who was passing, called out:

"You are not so brave as you would seem. If that Lion were alive, you would take good care to keep out of his reach, as you well know that his claws would be much stronger than your teeth."

Any one can show a bold face when no danger is near.





### THE OAK AND THE REEDS.

A great Oak grew on the bank of a stream. As it stood with roots firm in the ground and head high in the air, it said:

“I look down upon the whole world. Nothing can make me bend. How strong I am!”

But one day there was a storm. The fierce Wind tore up the proud Oak by the roots, and cast it into the stream.

As it floated away, it passed by some Reeds that grew on the bank.

The Reeds stood up straight and tall.

“O Reeds,” said the Oak, “how is it that you who are small and weak can withstand the Wind, while I must fall and die?”

“Friend,” said the Reeds, “no one can withstand the Wind.

It does not harm us, for we do not fight against it. We bend and let it sweep by. When the storm is past, we rise again, safe and sound. You were so proud that you would not bend, and he who will not bend, must break."



BA-A, BA-A, BLACK SHEEP.

Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you  
any wool?

Yes, sir; yes, sir; three bags full:  
One for my master, one for his dame,  
And one for the little boy that lives  
in the lane.

---

**THE WOLF AND THE FOX.**

There was once a Wolf who was so large that all the other wolves seemed small beside him.

Because of his great size and strength, they called him Lion.

The Wolf was so flattered by this proud title, that he left his own race, and went to live with the lions.

A wise old Fox, meeting him one day, said: "How foolish you are! When you were with the wolves, you seemed like a lion, but among the lions you look like a Wolf indeed."

*Rosa Bonheur.*

KING OF THE FOREST.

---

**THE STAG AT THE LAKE.**

One warm day a Stag stopped to quench his thirst at a Lake. The water was so clear that he saw himself in it as he bent down to drink.

“What fine, large horns I have,” thought he; “but how weak and thin my legs are!”

As he was thinking about these things, a Lion sprang at him.

The Stag turned and ran.

His thin legs were swift and his feet were sure, and so long as they were on the plain, he outran the Lion. But when they

came to the woods, his horns caught in the boughs of the trees, and held him fast, until the Lion came up with him.

As the Lion fell upon him, the Stag cried out:

“Alas! the legs I scorned would have saved my life; but the horns, of which I was so proud, have caused my death.”



O, LOOK AT THE MOON!

O, look at the moon!

She is shining up there;

O, mother, she looks

Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,  
And shaped like a bow,  
But now she's grown bigger,  
And round like an O.



#### THE FOX AND THE LION.

The first time the Fox met the Lion, he was much afraid.

"How fierce he looks!" said the Fox, and away he ran.

The next time the Fox met the Lion, he was afraid, to be sure, but not as at first.

The third time the Fox met the Lion, he was so bold that he went up and spoke to him.





### THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox once saw some Grapes hanging from a vine which was twined around the boughs of a tree.

They were large and ripe, and he longed to get them.

He jumped as high as he could, and snapped at the Grapes.

Again and again he tried, but could not quite reach them. At last, growing tired, he went on his way, saying to himself:

“Let those have them who like them. They are green and sour, and I would not eat them if I could.”



#### THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

There was once a man who had a Goose that laid each day an egg of gold.

He thought that to lay such

eggs she must have a great mass of gold inside of her.

Hoping to get it all at once, he killed the Goose, but found in her no gold at all.

So, by being greedy, he lost all he had without getting the wealth he sought.



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.



### THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A man who had a fine flock of sheep, set a Boy to watch them on the hillside.

“If a Wolf should come,” said the man, “shout, ‘Wolf! Wolf!’ I shall be at work with my men, in the fields near by, and

if you call, we will run to help you.”

One day the men heard the Boy shouting, “Wolf! Wolf!” They dropped their tools and ran to help him.

“Where is the Wolf?” they asked.

“It is a joke,” laughed the Boy. “I have not seen any Wolf.”

The men took it all in good part, and went back to their work.

The next day, the Boy called, “Wolf! Wolf!” as before, and

once more the men came to help him.

When they found it was again done for a joke, they were vexed, and made up their minds that they would go no more to help him.

At last a Wolf came indeed. Then the Boy ran, shouting, "Wolf! Wolf!" as loud as he could.

But the men did not heed him, thinking he was again making sport.

When the Boy came up to the men, he cried: "Why did

you not help me? The Wolf has killed all the sheep!"

The men then went to see, and found it as the Boy had said.

"There was a Wolf, in truth," they cried. "Why did we not heed the call?"

"Alas!" said one, "if boys sometimes tell lies, how can we know when they speak the truth?"



*Dare to be true.*

*Nothing can need a lie.*



### THE FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL.

A Fox was once caught in a trap. In pulling himself loose, he lost his Tail, of which he had been most proud.

Filled with shame, and fearing that his friends would laugh at him, he asked them to meet



him in the woods at a place which he named.

When they had come, he jumped up on a log and said:

“As you all know, our tails are of no use to us. Then, too, they are a dead weight, and so help the dogs to catch us. I think it would be well to do away with them all.”

When he had ended his speech, a sly old Fox arose and said:

“Had I lost my own tail, I, no doubt, should agree with our friend. As it is, I shall

keep mine; and I think, were it not that he had lost his tail, he would not now urge us to do away with ours."



#### THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog once made his bed in a Manger.

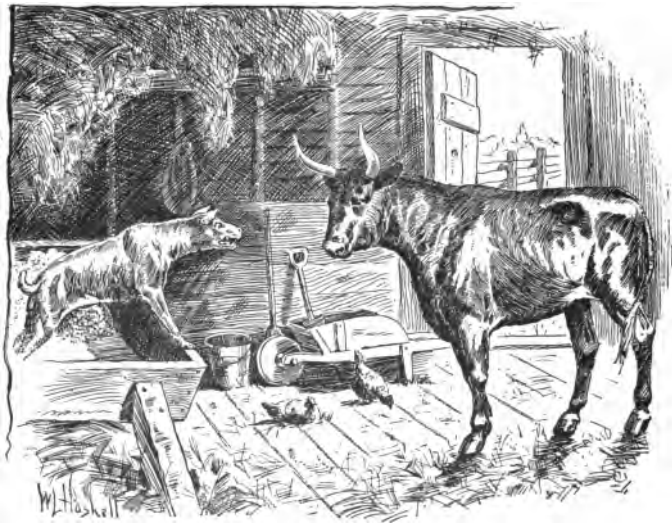
Some grain had been placed in the Manger for an Ox that was plowing in the field.

When the Ox came home from his work, he found the Dog lying in the Manger, and said to him:

"You have no right here.

Mangers were not made for dogs."

But the Dog jumped up and snapped at him.



The Ox then said: "Lie in the Manger, if you will, and I shall not trouble you; but let me eat the grain. It was

placed here for me, and I am hungry."

"What is that to me?" snarled the Dog.

"How selfish you are!" said the Ox. "Though you do not want the grain yourself, you will let no one else have it."



#### SOME LITTLE MICE.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,  
Pussy came by and popped her head in;  
"Shall I come in and cut your threads  
off?"

"O, no! kind sir, you will snap our  
heads off."

**THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.**

An Old Man had some Sons who were not well agreed.

He had tried in vain to make them good friends.

At last, when at the point of death, he called them all to his bedside, and bade them bring him some sticks.

These he tied into a bundle, and told each of his Sons, in turn, to break it.

Each Son took the bundle and tried with all his might, but not one of them could break it.

Then he untied the bundle and gave each of his Sons one of the sticks to break.

This they did with ease, and he then said:

“My Sons, learn this truth from the sticks. If you are all of one mind, you can stand against your foes; but if you try to stand alone, you will fare like the sticks at your feet.”



*All the rivers run  
into the sea.*



### THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.

A Wolf saw a Goat feeding on the side of a high cliff.

A Wolf's feet are not like a Goat's, and he could not climb the steep rocks. So he tried to coax her down.

"My friend," said he, "I fear you will fall and break your neck. Then I am sure the grass is not so sweet among

those rocks as it is in this green field."

"Thank you, good sir," said the Goat. "I am not afraid of falling. What you say of the grass may be true, but as wolves have been known to eat Goats, I fear you are coaxing me down, not to get food for myself, but in order that I may become food for you."



#### THE HUNTER AND THE WOODMAN.

There was once a Hunter, who, though prone to think much of his own safety, wanted



to be thought brave by his friends.

He was one day in some woods, searching for the tracks of a Lion, so that he might boast of having seen them.

Coming upon a man who was felling some trees, he asked: "Have you seen any tracks of a Lion about here? Or," he added in a bold voice, "it may be you can tell me where he has his lair."

"I can do better for you," said the Woodman; "I will show you the Lion himself."

But the Hunter turned pale  
with fear, as he said :

“No, I did not ask that. It  
is not the Lion himself I seek.  
I merely wish to see his tracks.”

Brave men are bold in deeds  
as well as in words.



I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

I like little pussy,  
Her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her  
She'll do me no harm;  
So I'll not pull her tail,  
Nor drive her away,  
But pussy and I  
Very gently will play.

**THE CAT, THE APE AND THE NUTS.**

A Cat and an Ape were sitting one day by the hearth, watching some Nuts, which their master had laid down to roast in the coals.

Soon the Nuts began to burst with the heat, and their tempting smell set the Ape to planning a way to get them. Being afraid to pull them out himself, he said to the Cat: "Your paws are just like our master's hands. It is plain they were made to pull out those Nuts."

The Cat was much pleased

with this speech, and reached after the Nuts; but she at once drew back with a cry, for she had burnt her paw with the



hot coals. She tried once more, and this time pulled out a nut.

Again and again she made out to get one of the Nuts,

though each time she burned her paw worse than before.

At last, when she could get no more, she turned and found that the Ape had used the time to crack the Nuts and eat them.



#### THE FISHERMAN AND THE PERCH.

A Man who lived by catching and selling fish, one day found but a single small Perch in his nets.

The Perch, gasping for breath, thus begged for his life:

“O, sir, what use can I be to you? Think of the little I

am worth. I am not yet come to my full size. Pray spare my life, and put me back into the sea. I shall soon become a large fish, fit for the tables of the rich. Then you can catch me again, and sell me for a much greater price."

But the Fisherman said:

"How foolish I should be to let go what I now have for the chance of getting something better by and by."



*A bird in the hand is worth  
two in the bush.*



THE LAMPLIGHTER.

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has  
left the sky;  
It's time to take the window to see Leerie  
going by;  
For every night at teatime, and before  
you take your seat,  
With lantern and with ladder he comes  
posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver, and Maria  
go to sea,  
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as  
he can be;  
But I, when I am stronger and can  
choose what I'm to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and  
light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp  
before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights  
so many more;  
And O! before you hurry by with ladder  
and with light;  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to  
him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."  
Permission of Chas. Scribner's Sons.*



**THE WOLF AND THE HOUSE DOG.**

A Wolf one night met a sleek, well-fed House Dog.

"How is it, my friend," said the Wolf, "that you are so plump, while I am so thin? Though I search for food day and night, I am half starved all the time."

"Why," said the Dog, "I do not have to search for food. I get as much as I want to eat, and all I have to do is to guard the house at night. Come, live with me, and you shall be as well off as I am."

The Wolf thought he should like such a life, and started home with the Dog.

On the way to town he saw a place on the Dog's neck where the hair was much worn.

"What did that?" asked the Wolf.

"O," said the Dog, "that was done by my chain."

"Chain!" cried the Wolf. "Do you wear a chain?"

"Yes," said the Dog. "During the day I am tied, but at night I am free to go where I please."

“Good bye,” said the Wolf.  
“That is no life for me. I  
may not be so well-fed as you  
are, but I am, at least, free.”



#### THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

There was strife between the  
Sun and the North Wind as to  
which was the stronger.

Each told of his great deeds,  
and boasted of his strength.

Just then a man came in  
sight, walking along the road.

“I see a way to end this  
strife,” said the Sun. “The one  
who can make that man throw

aside his cloak shall prove himself the stronger. You may try first."

To this the North Wind



agreed, and blew a fierce blast.

But the harder he blew, the more the man needed his cloak to keep out the cold, and the

closer he drew it round him. At last the North Wind, having put forth all his strength in vain, gave up trying.

Then the Sun took his turn.

Driving away the clouds, he shone forth, and it was warm and bright.

The man soon threw back his cloak, and at last took it off and sought the shade of a tree.

So the Sun proved himself the stronger, and it has ever since been deemed that kindness is better than force.



### THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow, who was dying of thirst, saw a Pitcher, and, hoping to find some water, flew to it with joy.

But great was his grief when he found that, while there was a little water in it, the neck of the Pitcher was so small, and

the water was so far from the top, that he could not reach it.

In order that he might get at least a little of it, he first tried to break the Pitcher, then to turn it over, but it was both too strong and too heavy for him.

Seeing a great many pebbles on the ground, he thought of a new plan, and began at once to pick them up and drop them into the Pitcher.

As the pebbles dropped in, one by one, the water slowly rose in the Pitcher, until at last

he could reach it. Then the Crow fully quenched his thirst, and thanked his bright wits for having saved his life.



#### THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A Hare once laughed at the short legs and slow pace of the Tortoise, and boasted of his own great speed. "I can run like a deer," said he, "but you creep along at a snail's pace."

"That may be true," said the Tortoise. "But try a race with me, and I will beat you."

The Hare at once agreed to



a match, and they asked the Fox to mark off the bounds and be the judge.

After the Fox had shown



them where they were to start, and how far they were to run, he gave them the word, and away they both went.

Though the Tortoise plodded

along with a steady pace, her best gait was slow indeed; and the Hare so outran her that, when he had gone half way, he was far in the lead.

Seeing this, he laid himself down for a rest, thinking that, if by any chance she should pass him, he could catch up with her when he pleased.

But, the day being warm, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, though he ran as fast as he could, he found that the Tortoise had reached the goal before him.



BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light;  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

*From "A Child's Garden of Verses,"*

*Permission of Chas. Scribner's Sons.*

~~~~~

Early to bed, and early to  
rise,  
Is the way to be healthy,  
wealthy and wise.

~~~~~

### THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

In a great wood there were  
once some Hares, who lived in  
such fear that they would run  
at the least sound.

If a leaf fell to the ground, or a twig broke, they started in fright.

They all met one day and agreed that they led a hard life.

"We have no peace," said one. "We eat and sleep in fear."

"True," said the rest. "Let us drown ourselves! Such a life is far worse than death."

With this they all started for a pond, meaning to end their lives.

In this pond there lived

some Frogs, who were sunning themselves on the bank.

When the Hares drew near, the Frogs, in great fright, dived into the pond.

“Stop!” said a wise old Hare. “Let us do nothing rash. The Frogs are still more afraid than we, for they run from us! It may not be as bad as we thought. We, too, may have feared without cause. Let us be brave, and make the best of our lot.”

And back they all went to their home in the woods.



*From Photograph.*

THE LARKS.

**THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.**

A Lark had her young brood in a field of grain.

All summer, while the wheat had been growing taller and riper, the Young Larks were growing larger and stronger.

They were now about ready to fly.

But, as the wheat was nearly ready for harvest, the old Lark was watchful lest the reapers should come before her brood was fledged.

Each morning, before she flew off for food, she charged



the young birds to take note of all they heard while she was away, and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day, when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son:

“The grain is now quite ripe. Go tell our friends that I wish them to come in the morning and help us with our harvest.”

When the old Lark came home, the little ones told her what they had heard, and begged her to take them away.

“Have no fear,” said she;

"there is no cause for haste, but do not fail to hear all he says to-morrow."

The next morning the farmer came and waited for his friends. But though the wheat was riper, nothing was done, for not a soul came.

"You see," said he to his son, "we cannot trust to our friends. Go at once to our kinsfolk and bid them come early in the morning and help us reap."

As soon as the old Lark came home, the Young Ones,

in great fear, told her what the farmer had said, and pleaded with her to help them to some place of safety at once.

But she said: "There is still no cause for haste. If he stays the harvest for the coming of his kinsfolk, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

When the old Lark left her brood the next morning, she said: "The owner of the field will be here with his son again to-day. Watch for their coming and hear all they say.

To-night I shall want to know about their plans for the morrow."

As the old Lark had foretold, the farmer came, but, though he waited for his kinsfolk until the day was nearly gone, not one of them came.

Then, finding that the grain was falling to the ground because it was over-ripe, he said to his son:

"We will wait no longer. Friends and kinsfolk alike have cares of their own. Do you make ready two good sickles,

and in the morning we will come and reap the wheat ourselves."

That night, when the old Lark greeted her little ones, they told her what they had heard, and she said to them:

"It is now time for us to go. For when a man no longer leaves his work to others, but takes it up himself, you may be sure that it will be done."

She took her little ones away at once, and the grain was reaped the next day by the farmer and his son.











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